The
COMMONWEAL

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The Wallace Speech

HENRY WALLACE'S speech in New York City before a rally jointly sponsored by the National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions was an event of shattering implications. Its timing was such, with Mr. Byrnes crucially engaged in Europe, that it has created a maximum of repercussion. Followed as it was by the publication of the full text of a letter on foreign policy sent by Mr. Wallace to President Truman late in July, its full effect cannot yet be appraised.

The letter and the speech taken together constitute a powerful and closely reasoned argument in favor of a definite American policy toward Russia which is undoubtedly—and tragically—persuasive and which Mr. Wallace himself undoubtedly believes is wise. In strict justice it must be said that neither the speech nor the letter is particularly pro-Russian. Yet we believe that Mr. Wallace's whole attitude is based on a terrible misconception of the world in which we live, and specifically of Russia. And because of this, what he has said has the political impact of being pro-Russian, anti-British and nothing else whatever.

Mr. Wallace bases himself on three assumptions with all of which we sharply disagree. He assumes that we can persuade Russia that "we are not planning for war against her." He assumes that our present foreign policy is envisioned through the "eyes of either the British Foreign Office or a pro-British or anti-Russian press." He assumes that " 'Getting tough' never brought anything real and lasting—whether for schoolyard bullies or businessmen or world powers. The tougher we get, the tougher the Russians will get." For these three assumptions we cannot honestly see a shred of genuine evidence.

His first assumption relates to the whole question of Russia's "suspicion" of the non-communist world. Mr. Wallace utterly fails to take into account the plain fact that this "suspicion" is a most convenient political weapon *inside* Russia; indeed in the demoralized state of that war-crippled nation, it is perhaps the only truly effective weapon left at the disposal of the present masters of the Kremlin. To forget this and to assume that we can "convince" the Kremlin to sacrifice this weapon is folly.

Has Russia taken a single step since V-J Day which would justify the supposition that she can be "convinced" of our peaceful intentions? Through long months of appeasement she did nothing to demobilize her military establishment and moved heaven and earth, by means of her agents in this country, to expedite the demobilization of ours. She maintains a terrifying news blackout in all the territories she controls. She constantly drums into her people the necessity of defense against the capitalist threat to her existence. She continues quite openly to profess not only a revolutionary philosophy but an expansionist revolutionary philosophy, coupled with a tremendously powerful myth and a definitely messianic psychology. What slightest sign has she given that we can "convince" her of anything?

As for our policy's aping Britain's, the simple fact is that we find ourselves confronted with only three choices. We can build a Chinese wall around ourselves and flatter ourselves that we are letting the rest of the world go hang. We can play ball with Russia giving her what she wants, thereby, it is true, injuring Britain, but likewise injuring both our own interests and our strategical position as well. Or we can play ball within limits with England, principally with an eye to our own interests abroad, which happen in a great many instances to coincide with Britain's. Mr. Wallace's policy of playing ball with no one, if really carried out, would inevitably be equivalent to isolationism, the first of these three choices, as is made clear by his cheerful acceptance of a repulsive "spheres of influence" policy.

As for toughness, the historical evidence seems to us perfectly clear.

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In short Mr. Wallace has formulated a policy toward Russia which we might eagerly accept were any of the revolutionary parties other than the Bolsheviks—or even the czars—in power in that country. But the Revolution did take place and did work out as it has worked out, which makes the whole thing into a beautiful dream. Were it only a dream, there would be little to worry about. But it is a dream which has already had a disastrous political impact. Significantly, the American communists began by receiving the speech very coolly indeed, and the Russian press devoted almost no space to it. Within a very few days the *Daily Worker* saw the mistake it had made and changed its tune: "The main features of Mr. Wallace's speech represented a criticism which we have long been making . . ." and the Russian press printed its text substantially in full.

The political effect of what Mr. Wallace said terribly undermines everything Mr. Byrnes has been trying to do or may try to do in the future. For the rest of the world, including Russia, it tends to serve as a demonstration that we are a weak, floundering colossus in which even the dominant political party does not know its own mind. A few months ago Mr. Wallace himself suggested the idea that there should be a tightening of party discipline in this country, and the inference was clear enough that the Truman Administration had let party discipline go to pot. We have now, in this speech of Mr. Wallace's, the culminating evidence of Mr. Truman's culpability in this respect. We are afraid that it is time, for the good of the nation as well as of the Democratic Party, that this suggestion should be applied to Mr. Wallace himself.

American Uncertainties in Germany

THE ARENA where the Byrnes-Wallace debate throws up most sand and dust is Germany. The fate of Germany shall be the fate of the Western World. Germany has been, and is now potentially, the area of greatest power development and most effective social organization in Europe: it is the only country in the world with extent and productive capacity that can compare with Northeastern United States.

The basic point about Germany now is that it is all *kaput*. Germany is smashed flat and is unfree. Scare stories about some hidden military potential of Germany are nonsense, because neither materially nor morally are the Germans today able to do anything important in politics or economics without the positive acquiescence of one of the occupying powers.

Just about all the problems of "German policy" can be lined up under two interlocking questions, and these questions are more rudimentary, more disconcertingly elementary than the world has had to face for centuries. The questions results from total war and total defeat and total victory.

What shall the German community be freed to do, economically, politically, socially—any way that deals with physical power? (Religion and other spiritual affairs can be largely excluded from consideration under this question, because of Grace and the inner initiative which cannot be taken from Germans. Even at that, what is usefully called "freedom of religion," which involves the manifestation of spiritual life in the material world, *is*, in important measure, included.)

The second question which the United States as an occupying power must ask is this: *Who* shall be permitted the freedom and opportunity to guide the Germans and arrange doing what Germany is to be permitted to do: what non-Germans and what Germans should we let operate?

An observation, an unquestionable truism which makes these questions important for the United States is this, that Russia and the United States will decide, and cannot help deciding the answers to these questions. We can answer these questions intelligently and positively, or negatively by abdication. Even in the latter and negative case, we must take responsibility for the character of the forces to whom we abdicate.

As re-emphasized by current debates, Byrnes asserts our permanent interest in deciding who shall be permitted to struggle for power all over Germany, including those parts of eastern Europe which used to be German and are now under the new Poland. Secretary Byrnes recognizes no lines or zones in Germany separating areas where the United States has an interest from areas where our Government counts itself out. He recognizes no such areas in Europe.

A very gloomy thing indeed is that the question of what "foreigners" shall have a say in German activities—whereon the Truman cabinet appears already split—is nowhere near as hard a question as what Germans shall be allowed to take hold within Germany. Secretary Byrnes skips over that question in generalities proved by now to be practically without meaning. It is said the United States is committed to helping all over Germany the building up of a "political democracy." That still leaves most of the practical question of who and what wide open. General Clay permits the Socialist Unity Party to start operations in the American zone, even though it is clear that the Soviets back that party as an instrument of communist totalitarianism and despite the fact that the democratic parties of the three western zones are not permitted to go to work in the Russian zone. The Russian zone of Germany is in effect part of the Russian sphere of influence. We are told that in our western zone something, which is necessarily subject to Amer-

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ican power, continues to block the re-establishment of the Catholic youth paper, *Michael,* the staunchest anti-nazi magazine published up to the time when Hitler, in power, finally suppressed it. These are the kind of detailed, practical problems which come up constantly and which the very highest echelon dramatics must not hide. The Messrs. Byrnes and Wallace are doubtless having a very troubled time, but no harder than the line officers and the subsidiary Germans who are trying to administer a reasonable American policy in German life.

The General Sends an Orderly?

POOR Bidault. At first he had the General, then plain Mr. de Gaulle, then President de Gaulle, and while that lasted he could not know where he stood or what he was allowed to do or even what he was supposed to want to do. As Foreign Minister he would be in San Francisco saying something but Mr. de Gaulle would be in Paris saying something else or building one submarine and an obsolete tank, or ordering troops to Syria. He could not know what was France's foreign policy because it was being dreamed in Mr. de Gaulle's head.

The elections came and Bidault's Popular Republicans were extremely successful in them but still nothing was very clear because Mr. de Gaulle was still there and Bidault could not know whether people who voted Popular Republican had done so for love of de Gaulle or because they favored the advanced socializing plans cherished by some MRP theoreticians or because the Popular Republican leaders were Catholic or because there was no Pétain left to vote for.

There was a flurry of confusion about the power the executive should have under a new constitution and President de Gaulle departed leaving the country without any constitution at all and leaving Bidault as his representative or not as his representative—no one knew—to head the Popular Republicans. General de Gaulle went away although not very far, he was silent except when he wanted to speak, and everyone looked at Bidault and at the Popular Republicans wondering what they would do now that they might be free to think for themselves and act.

If you think of the world situation there was nothing much they could do, and if you think of the internal French political world they did the only thing they could do which was to build themselves into a strong political machine. Since they were not sure what ideas, what policy their electorate would support they decided it was best not to discuss ideas or policy but to build a machine. The MRP leaders looked at Blum and at all the undisciplined discussions within the Socialist Party and they saw what democracy within a party could do to weaken a party. They looked at the Communist Party and saw what discipline can do to strengthen a party. So they built a machine, which is always above ideas, and they confined their ideas to circulation among the top six men of the Popular Republican Party.

What could anyone do anyhow? President, Foreign Minister, in a country without a constitution, with Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Molotov and Mr. Bevin to talk to all the time and these enormous words, Russia, America, always getting in the way when you are thinking about coal, or shipping, or wages—what could Bidault do but build a machine to set against the Communist machine? That, and play for time, and hope that some socialists would come over to help, and hope that your backing from the industrialists—whom you wanted to socialize—would not ruin all the plans some day you meant to have.

Poor busy M. Bidault is no longer left alone. A man named Capitant has started a Gaullist Union just as if he did not know that all good Gaullists are already in the MRP. Mr. Capitant is disgusted with the régime and in the next elections is going to run pure Gaullist candidates. Perhaps he is only someone who wants to be like Colonel de la Rocque, perhaps he wants to be like the Italian *"L'Uomo Qualunque"* who is also disgusted with all political parties except his own. But perhaps it is someone that General de Gaulle has sent out to bust up poor M. Bidault, the MRP and what remains of his country's attempt to work out parliamentary institutions.

Rural Life at Green Bay

THE MOST dynamic of the official Catholic organizations in this country, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, holds its twenty-fourth annual convention at Green Bay, Wisconsin, October 11 to 15. Some 30 bishops, 1,000 priests and nuns and 10,000 laymen are expected to attend. The program will be outlined in some detail in next week's issue. One of the convention features on which these rural life leaders pride themselves is their device for keeping formal speakers and discussion participants from droning on and on. This year girls from St. Joseph's High School of Green Bay will clock all speeches and suggestions from the floor and intervene whenever a participant continues beyond the time allotted to him. *Land and Home* places Green Bay as 203 miles from Chicago, 483 from St. Louis and 1,032 from New York. We warmly suggest to any reader within range that attendance at this scene of folk dancing, free-for-all discussion, youth activity and rural culture generally will imbue him with new hope for the future of the Church in America and of the nation generally. In these days of discouragement and uncertainty here is a group with a program!

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India's New Government

Personalities in the new Indian all-Indian Cabinet

Michael D. Lyons

NEVER in history has a group of such inexperienced men taken over the government of so many people as the new Executive Council of India. With a courage that is surprising to Westerners they are tackling colossal problems of poverty, famine and overbearing minority claims, confident that they will receive strength from ancient culture, light from the ancient wisdom of their part of the East.

The representative of the King-Emperor in India tried to form a government of representatives of the Indian people to whom he might hand over the day to day administration of the country. The Mohammedans, who form less than a fourth of the population, formed the Moslem League which alone wanted parity of representation in the new government. Neither the majority party, the Congress Party, representing people of all creeds and communities, nor the British representatives would agree to this demand. A deadlock was reached, and as a result the Viceroy of India asked the President of the majority party to select men to take over the reins of government.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Congress Party President, agreed to form a Viceroy's Executive Council of fourteen men. Constitutionally the Viceroy will retain all ultimate power in his own hands, but the Congress Party has publicly proclaimed it to be their policy to operate through this Council as a de facto government of India regardless of the attitude of the Viceroy. As the Party will probably be moderate in the exercise of this power and as the British Labor Government and the British people are anxious to give the Indians a maximum of independence, there is likely to be little friction between the Viceroy and the new Executive Council.

Difficulties are likely to arise from other considerations, however. Seven of the fourteen members of the Council are Congressmen, all of whom have little experience of governing. Pandit Nehru and some of the others have been in British jails so long and so often that their periods out of jails have been rather like vacations. They spent their jail terms in study and in writing—Nehru's "Discovery of India" and Dr. Rajendra Prasad's "Pakistan" are notable books written in jail—but prison cells allowed them little opportunity to gain experience in the gentle and sometimes not so gentle art of government.

Another difficulty has been the necessity of placating various groups in appointments to the Council. A description of some of the personalities appointed to the Council will reveal some interesting facts about the problems facing Indian politicians.

The dominant financial groups who contribute directly or indirectly much of the funds required by a political party in a land of poverty-stricken masses were asked by industrial and financial groups in Britain to reach an understanding on certain points before the assumption of power by the majority Indian party. The Congress Party would most likely not be in power today if these agreements had not previously been reached behind the scenes. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that all the Congress members selected by the Party for the new Council are noted right-wingers. One of the most powerful leaders in India, the left-winger Jai Prakash Narain, a former student of four American universities, the fiery leader of the group who advocated violence against the British during the War, and long Secretary of the strong Congress Socialist Party, has been persuaded to accept a position on the Working Committee of the Congress Party, but he has no place in the Executive Council.

In February a member of the tiny but wealthy Parsi community and a former executive of the powerful House of Tata, Sir Ardeshir Dalal, resigned from the Viceroy's Executive Council in which he held the portfolio of Planning and Development. In the new Executive Council, formed by the Congress Party, another top executive of the same house of Tata, John Matthai, takes over the portfolio of Finance. In addition, another member of the same Parsi community, hitherto unknown in political circles, Coverjee Hormusjee Bhabha, only 35 years of age, will now take over the portfolio of Commerce.

The 71 year old Party Boss, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who, like Gandhi, springs from that Bombay Hindu group who have given India her leading financiers and industrialists, and who is as conservative as Winston Churchill, gets the portfolio of the Home Department and Informa-

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tion and Broadcasting. Chakravarthi Rajagopalachari, 67, who dramatically resigned from the Congress Party during the War when he favored the then unpopular policy of active cooperation in the war effort, takes Industries and Supplies. Sarat Chandra Bose, 57, important leader of the turbulent Bengal section of the Congress, and brother of Subhas Chandra Bose, who was the General leading the Japanese-sponsored Indian National Army, has been given the portfolio of Works, Mines and Power. The Mohammedan Congressman, Asaf Ali, 58, takes Communications, War Transport and Railways, and the gentle Hindu, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Agriculture and Food.

External Affairs and Commonwealth Relations were logically taken over by the internationalist Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. The portfolio of Labor has been entrusted to a little known Congressman from the ranks of India's Untouchables, Jagjivan Ram, in pursuance of the policy of the Party to appear as representatives of all sections of India's many communities.

Non-Congressmen, and men not connected with the Parsis, nor with Tata, take over a number of the ministries: Legislative and Posts and Air go to Syed Ali Zaheer, 49, a leader of the All-India Shiah Conference, which represents a sect of Mohammedans who are bitterly opposed in religious and related matters to the majority Sunni sect. The Sunnis make up the bulk of the membership in the Moslem League, the greatest thorn in the side of the Congress. The Conference is opposed to the League demand for Pakistan, a Holy Land for Mohammedans in India. Shiahs have had riots with Sunnis not surpassed in intensity by any Hindu-Moslem riots.

Sir Shafaat Ahmad Khan, 53, another Mohammedan, who was formerly High Commissioner for India in Africa, gets the portfolio of Health, Education and Arts. This is the man whose stabbing the papers reported the day after Lord Wavell's announcement of the new government. The relatively unimportant portfolio of War has been given to Sardar Baldev Singh, a member of the small Sikh community, who has always been pro-Congress. Two more members of the Council are yet to be selected by the Congress leaders.

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An illuminating example of the difficulties peculiar to Indian politics is furnished by the personality and background of the Untouchable Jagjivan Ram. Jagjivan Ram hails from the rather backward Province of Bihar, where in the groups of mud and thatch huts scattered throughout the plains dwell peoples of very diverse castes, aristocratic Brahmins, proud Rajput warriors, wealthy and tricky merchants, conservative farmers and carpenters and other respectable tradesmen. Under this group, who constitute the great majority, are the Untouchables—sweepers, scavengers, gypsies, and leather-workers, or, as they are called in the Hindustani language, chamars.

It is the privilege of the chamars to remove the hides of the cattle that die in the fields, and these Untouchables take the hides to hang up and dry in their mud houses, which the rest of the Indians compel them to build, naturally enough, at some distance from the homes of respectable people. Even the clothes of the chamars stink, and no self-respecting Hindu wishes to go near either a chamar house or the person of a chamar. Not being respectable, the chamars gladly accept the license which the lack of respectability gives. Unlike the majority of Hindus and the Mohammedans, the chamars indulge heavily in intoxicating drinks, and unlike the majority of the Hindus, chamars tolerate frequent divorce and re-marriage in a land where the ideal of Sita, the ever-faithful wife, is constantly extolled in song and poetry, and where most castes will not permit even the youngest widows to remarry.

The general sense of a lack of inhibitions makes it fairly easy for chamars to embrace Christianity in a land where society and caste make conversions generally so extremely difficult. It is among these chamars that American Jesuits and American Methodists and other foreign missionaries have had their most numerous conversions.

Chamar children are usually discouraged from sitting with other children in school, but less than forty years ago the little chamar Jagjivan Ram braved the insults of the higher caste students and set out to acquire an education. His ability attracted attention and he was helped by high caste neighbors to attend high school and eventually Patna College, from which he obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree.

The upper caste people who befriended Jagjivan found him useful in controlling political and other movements among his fellow caste people, and among the millions of Untouchables in his Province of India. During the period 1937-1939, when the Province of Bihar was governed by a ministry of the Congress Party, Jagjivan Ram was made a Parliamentary Secretary subordinate to Jaglal Chowdhury, a Pasi, a caste of Untouchables who make a living largely by climbing and tapping palm trees for an intoxicating drink. Jaglal Chowdhury was Minister for Industries, made so by the Congress Party to show their interest in the lower third of India's population. The Minister was not very successful, but the young Untouchable Jagjivan Ram proved himself an able and energetic worker for the Government and a disciplined member of the Congress Party. As a result the cables of the world today carry the name of Jagjivan Ram as a mem-

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ber of the small group directing the Central Government of the largest single united nation of the world.

As a leader of Untouchables Jagjivan has a rival in Dr. Ambedkar, a member of the Mahar caste of Untouchables of Bombay Presidency. He rose from the midst of poverty and ignorance to heights which included studies at such universities as Bonn and Columbia and membership in the past in the Viceroy's Executive Council.

Ambedkar bitterly attacks the Congress Party and Gandhi as the greatest enemies the Untouchables have. He charges that they protect undue privileges of the upper caste Hindus who oppress and exploit the Untouchables both in economic and social matters. He believes that the social and economic salvation of the Untouchables lies in separate representation and he believes that they may better their lot by leaving the Hindu community entirely and by becoming either Christians or Mohammedans.

Jagjivan Ram, on the other hand, in line with Congress policy, advocates no separate representation for his community and strives to win over the Untouchables to membership in the Congress Party.

How much do these two men actually represent the 70,000,000 Untouchables of India and what do the Untouchables think of them? Dr. Ambedkar is known throughout India and throughout the world to students of Indian affairs, and he is also known throughout his own caste in the Bombay area and to neighbors of his caste folk, but the illiterate Untouchables of Bihar and Bengal and Madras and other parts of India have never heard his name. Jagjivan Ram is much less well known among any groups, although the Congress Party will now probably build up a reputation for him.

The number, 70,000,000, for India's untouchables is not an absolute, scientific figure, and cannot be, because there is no universally accepted definition of untouchability. Raleigh Parkin in his book, "India Today," gives the figure 50,000,000. Ambedkar himself claims approximately 60,000,000. Shridharani, in "My India, My America," uses our number 70,000,000. Generally it appears that the number is minimized rather than exaggerated.

Jagjivan Ram is known to a number of foreign missionaries as an opponent of Christian missionary activity. Jesuits from the mid-west of the United States have converted about 10,000 of the caste to which Jagjivan Ram belongs, the Dhusiya caste of chamars. Several thousand of these Indian converts have subsequently renounced Christianity, not a few through the influence of Jagjivan Ram.

He once explained to the writer that he did not favor letting down the social barriers to conversion to other faiths, because many would then become Mohammedans, and he was quick to add, "We do not want that." An agnostic himself, he told the writer he was not opposed to a sincere conversion out of conviction, and not even to converts who became such for money or other material advantages, provided they received substantial gain by their conversion, but he felt that in many cases the converts had a right to think they had been deceived by false promises. He thought that many of the works of so-called charity were but baits for conversions.

It is a matter of regret that the only representatives of the 70,000,000 Untouchables of India which the Congress Party can bring forward is one who is not known at all to the great majority of the community he is to help and to represent. The conditions of the Untouchables are so chaotic that it is impossible at present for them even to dream of electing a representative.

It is regrettable too that the good will latent in men like Jagjivan Ram and Dr. Ambedkar, who have come up from the masses of the poorest and most deserving people in the world, and the good will in the hearts of foreign missionaries who have sacrificed home and friends for service of these same people cannot be channelized for a joint course of action for the amelioration of the lot of these people.

From what has been said above, it is clear that the present Executive Councilors have been selected and are being guided by elements which are to no small measure self-appointed and dictatorial if only for the reason that true and free representation of the masses of India is as yet impossible. Nevertheless, these new Councilors are far more representative of the people than the Councilors of the War period who were dramatically ridiculed by the famous Donkey Procession—with a tragic result.

In 1942 thirteen donkeys were hired by an obscure Indian with an unusual sense of humor. After placing placards on each donkey to indicate that it represented one or other of the Indian members of the Viceroy's Executive Council, and wearing a placard himself showing that he represented the Britisher, Sir Reginal Maxwell, in charge of the dominating Home Department, the prankster led the procession of donkeys down one of the main streets of Delhi and caused a laugh which re-echoed throughout India. He was given six months imprisonment for this offense. The new Council will allow itself to be criticized. Progress has been made. It is more democratic.

The new Executive Council is fortunate in having the presence of one who has long been very much like a chaplain to the Congress Party, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who has several times been President of the Party. Dressed in coarse hand-spun and hand-woven loin cloth and sheet,

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the tall, thin, 62-year-old scholarly author bears in his breast one of the most generous hearts in the world. Called the second saint of the Congress after Gandhi, unlike the Mahatma, he seldom speaks of himself or of religion, but like the Mahatma, he is assiduous in his practice of the ancient element of Hindu culture, ahimso, which means literally "non-killing," or as it is usually translated "non-violence." Prasad's gentle influence in the Council will be felt in all governmental relations, both domestic and foreign.

After the assumption of the Provincial ministries by the Congress Party in 1937-1939, Rajendra "Babu," as he is affectionately called in India, had in his power a British Superintendent of Police who a few years previously, on horseback, had cruelly struck him in the face with his riding whip as he was quietly walking in a peaceful procession organized to manifest India's desire for self-rule. This British officer and all who worked with him were deeply impressed with the graciousness of Rajendra Babu in not even adverting to the incident.

The new group governing India have many difficulties to face, they are subject to influences which they may not always mention in public, and they are largely inexperienced, but they constitute probably the only government in the world today devoted and committed determinedly to peace and non-violence in the exercise of their functions. The Indian influence will come as a breath of fresh air in a fetid atmosphere of power politics and violence and hatred and revenge. Even if they fail in other respects, they will give the world some wholesome lessons in mildness which the ancient East has learned through millenia of experience and which we of the West need badly at this juncture in human civilization.

The Church in Eastern Europe

Concluding a country-by-country account of a sorry situation

Donald Attwater

OF THE CATHOLIC churches of eastern Europe the most important numerically is that of *Poland;* but I say very little about that unhappy country because the Catholic press enables us to have some idea of what is going on there. We all know that Poland now has a soviet-sponsored government, and what that may eventually mean for the Church in that country is anybody's guess. An attempt *may* be made by the present government to form a Polish national church, independent of Rome. If so, it is possible that it might have an alarming degree of success. Polish Catholicity has been terribly tied up with anti-Russianism, anti-Orthodoxy, anti-Germanism, with claims to eastern or western frontiers of past ages: these sentiments have no valid religious basis but are political and cultural. In other words, the Catholic religion is also a national palladium—and it might be possible for astute and unscrupulous politicians to use such a state of affairs to bring about a schism from Rome for their own ends. You know that there has been a so-called Free Polish Church for some years in the United States; it is relatively small, but it is dangerous.

In *Czechoslovakia* the Czechs and Slovaks are statistically about eighty percent Catholic, but the Protestant minority is important, influential and of old standing. Though the government of the country follows a policy of close friendship with the USSR, and the communists polled a large vote in the spring election, the Czechs are passionately concerned for their independence, and the country still enjoys relative religious freedom; the Catholic People's Party, led by a priest (Monsignor Sramek), is represented in parliament. But we must not for that reason regard Czechoslovakia with complacency. Czech nationalism can be vicious; after the new state was formed in 1918, a determined effort was made to detach the Church from Rome and make it a national institution, which resulted in many individuals going into schism. That attempt may be renewed; and after the disintegrating effects of the past eight years, it might be much more successful. Among the Slovaks, that dangerous element, the extreme autonomists, or "home-rulers," had a clerical element (Father Hlinka, Monsignor Tiso); their independent Slovakia under nazi patronage was one of the nastiest spots in Hitler's Europe. That undoubtedly has strengthened the Slovak National Council of Liberation, under whose auspices church property was seized, and which is behind the suppression of schools and organizations and the general campaign against the Church that is going on in Slovakia today. In Bohemia and Moravia, too, it is likely that education will be completely secularized.

Of all the peoples with whom we are concerned, the Czech Catholics showed the most

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intellectual activity before the war. At least one of their scholars is well known in England, Dr. Dvornik, and I must remind you of the great international reunion congresses at Velehrad.

Hungary, whose people are largely of northern Asiatic origin, is commonly referred to as a Catholic country, but that must not blind us to the fact that, if 65 percent of the Hungarians are Catholics, 20 percent are Calvinists dating from the sixteenth-seventeenth century. Indeed, for a short time the country was nearly wholly Protestant: and to this day, curiously enough, Calvinism is referred to locally as "the Hungarian religion," such is the character and influence of its adherents—the religion of Horthy, Teleky, Bethlen, Daranyi, Tisza.

Nevertheless the Catholic Church holds the leading and, in some respects, privileged place, especially in the matter of corporate wealth. This was reduced somewhat after the first world war, but in 1939 the Church was still one of the largest landowners. On the other hand, the country clergy have less than modest stipends, and there was an unhealthy gap between the higher and lower clergy. Neither of these conditions is likely to survive; and there are more than indications that the occupying power, Soviet Russia, will hasten a policy of neutralizing Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant. It is already proposed to withdraw state aid from schools, a campaign of vilification of the clergy is in full swing, and many of them have been arrested on trumped-up charges; and pressure is being brought to bear to disband the Catholic students' federation.

Yugoslavia consists principally of Orthodox Serbs and Catholic Croats and Slovenes, in the proportion of 48 percent to 37 percent. The Slovenes are a solidly religious and socially progressive people; but to the much more numerous Croats (except in Dalmatia) Catholicism seems often to be a cultural habit rather than an effective religion. The violent unscrupulosity of Croat politics illustrates this: we have all heard of the Independent State of Croatia and Ante Pavelich and his gangs of barbarous ustashi.

After the formation of Yugoslavia in 1918 all religions were declared free and equal, but in fact the Eastern Orthodoxy of the Serbian majority had a privileged position. But the hardships of the Catholic clergy, and the passions aroused by the projected concordat with the Holy See, are today forgotten in the disasters that have since overtaken both the Catholic and Orthodox churches.

But here again little need be said, since the state of Yugoslavia under the Croat communist Tito is extensively reported in the Catholic press. I will only add my personal opinion that no country in eastern Europe, not excepting Poland, has suffered more moral and spiritual harm since 1939 than Yugoslavia. In Slovenia in particular the nazis set themselves to destroy the Church and to exterminate the more educated inhabitants. All three peoples have been devastated and demoralized not only by invasion, but by civil war, by the outrages of Freedom Front and ustashis, of chetniks and partisans. And now a professedly godless party is in power. The outlook for Christianity in Yugoslavia is dark indeed.

*

I must now say a little of the Catholics in the Orthodox countries. And first of all in *Greece.*

Of all Orthodox peoples, the Greeks are most opposed to the Catholic Church, and for reasons that go far back in history. For example, to Greeks, Catholics are the people whose patriarch, Pope Leo III, set up a western barbarian, Charlemagne, as rival emperor to the true Roman emperor at Byzantium, Constantinople; Catholics are the people who in the Fourth Crusade ravaged the Greek capital and church, massacred the citizens, drove out the emperor and the patriarch for half a century—every Greek child learns all about that in school, as English children learn about the incursions of the Danes; and so when Mussolini (you remember the time when some papers used to crack up Mussolini as a chap who went to Mass daily?), when Mussolini on Good Friday invaded Albania, Greeks remarked that the Pope had sent his crusaders again. Silly, isn't it? But that's the way people think.

There are only 50,000 Catholics in Greece, mostly in the islands and of Latin rite and foreign origin, though long ago completely hellenized. Unfortunately the behavior of some of them, at least in the towns, is calculated to increase rather than to dissipate Orthodox prejudice. In 1938 the government sought to strengthen the Orthodox monopoly in Greece by the forbiddance of "proselytism" by other churches. This law was particularly aimed at the tiny body—a few hundreds—of pure Greek Catholics of the Byzantine rite, who are regarded with special bitterness as a potential danger to the national church, which the Latin Catholics are not.

The *Bulgars* are in origin a Finno-Turkish people, but were long ago completely slavonized: in fact, they may have spoken Slavonic before they entered the Balkans. The Bulgarian Christians are practically all Orthodox, and, as in Greece, Catholics consist of those of Latin rite and foreign origin, about 40,000 of them, and a small body of Catholic Bulgars of Slav-Byzantine rite. Hitherto the government and the state church have been amiable towards them, but the influence of the Soviet Orthodox Church (if I may use the expression) may alter this; religious instruction in the schools has already been abolished.

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It is worth noting that eighty years ago there was a strong movement, largely of political inspiration, for the reunion of the Bulgarian Orthodox Church with Rome. It was defeated by the czarist government of Russia, which kidnaped the Catholic leader, Bishop Sokolsky. The correspondence between tzarist and soviet use of their church in politics is remarkable.

In *Rumania,* a country of several minorities, there is a rather different situation. The Rumanians proper are themselves a mixed people, who in their more expansive moments regard themselves as unalloyed descendents of the veterans of Trajan. This is not true; but it is true that their language is almost a dialect of Italian, with a big Slavonic vocabulary. Three-quarters of the people are Orthodox and form the second largest of the Orthodox churches (about 10 million souls). But there are, mostly in Transylvania, some three million Catholics. Of these, something less than half are of the Latin rite and are foreigners, chiefly Hungarians and Germans. The remainder are Rumanian, and of the Byzantine rite (in passing, the vernacular is the liturgical language of these Catholics).

The Rumanian Byzantine Catholics enjoy a peculiar position, being regarded as a sort of auxiliary national church and being officially accorded a privileged position over their foreign brethren of the Latin rite. These Byzantine Catholics are in many ways the *élite* of the whole country; before the war they showed considerable intellectual activity; and relations between Catholics and Orthodox in Rumania were more satisfactory than anywhere else. Indeed, if Rumania can keep her internal affairs free from too much soviet interference, the outlook for the Church in that country is less grim than in almost any other eastern European land.

From the less grim to the most grim. *European Russia.* We all know that the prayers after low Mass are offered for the people of Russia. What is less realized is that up to 1939 practically all the Christians of Russia were non-Catholics. In 1917 there were only about two million Catholics, chiefly made up of foreigners and Byelorussians, and about 80,000 of Armenian rite in the south. It was these who suffered in the general persecution of religion after the revolution, and of their state today, or even their existence, practically nothing is known: so far as we can tell, they have not a single priest left alive and at liberty.

But since 1939 Russia has regained territories with large Catholic populations, notably Lithuania, three-quarters of whose two and a half million people are Catholic, the Podkarpatska Rus (or Carpatho-Ukraine), whose half million inhabitants are Catholics of the Slav-Byzantine rite, and Volhynia and Eastern Galicia with about seven million Catholics, half of them Poles and the other half Ukrainians of the Slav-Byzantine rite. Our press has kept us informed so far as possible about what is happening in these areas. I will therefore simply remind you, for example, that there is not a single Catholic bishop left alive or at liberty in Lithuania; that there is not a single Catholic bishop left alive or at liberty in Eastern Galicia; and that the Ukrainian Catholics of Eastern rite there are being subjected to every pressure and intrigue to induce them to abandon communion with the Holy See and to acknowledge the Orthodox church of the USSR.

To sum up in a sentence: The Church in the Catholic countries of eastern Europe is in a state of crisis that at any moment might become catastrophic; in the Orthodox countries she is of little actual significance, except in Rumania, where there is room for hope, and in western Russia, where there is none.

★

What have I told you about the Church in eastern Europe? Very little; and that not the most important. Those national, political and other factors that are so deplorably effective have not arisen spontaneously from the minds and hearts of the mass of the faithful: if they tend to confuse them with religion they have been taught to do so by groups and governments—a process in which not all the clergy can be held blameless. But the religion of the people is no less difficult to assess.

After all, the state of the Church in a given place cannot really be adequately gauged simply by the enthusiasm of pilgrimages and the multiplying of devotional observances, by the numbers at Mass, by the freedom or otherwise of the Catholic community, by whether or no the crucifix is displayed in the public schools. These things can be misleading. It is easy to put a crucifix on a wall—and it may mean nothing: it is difficult to carry the crucifix in our hearts—and that means everything. If the children are taught in school that "We must be loyal Catholics because that is the church of our sacred Ruritanian nation"; that "Jesus Christ is the leader, who has a special love for our Ruritanian state, and *its* enemies are *his* enemies"; that "Good Catholics in Ruritania cannot love the Jews and the Russians (or Hungarians or communists or Serbs)" — well, the crucifix might as well not be there.

The churches are full of people perhaps. Yes; but why? Habit? Human respect? Social custom? Fear? Government pressure? What is in the hearts of these people? What is the quality of their religion? We appear to love and worship God; do we also love and reverence our neighbor? —and the foreigner across the frontier?

Do we worship in spirit and in truth? Is our love of God real? These are the important ques-

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tions. And they can never be fully answered, even in the most favorable circumstances. And it is quite exceptionally difficult to estimate the state of the Church in eastern Europe today, since for the most part its peoples are cut off from our knowledge and observation by what the newspapers call "the iron curtain." For them, Catholics and Orthodox, Protestants and Jews, Mohammedans and unbelievers, it is indeed *"dies magna et amara valde."*

And for them, as for us, the real struggle of the Church militant is not against flesh and blood, bitter as the oppression may be: the warfare of Christ is not one which calls for Teutonic Knights or clergy of the resistance armed with rifles. Their worst enemies, like ours, are spiritual principalities and powers, the forces which have mastery of the world in these dark days, malign influences we have been told of, in an order higher than our own.

This only we hope and believe, that with the help of the prayers of the world-wide Church, some at least of the Catholics—and other Christians—of eastern Europe will be able to stand their ground, girt with truth, wearing the breastplate of righteousness, their feet shod in readiness to publish the gospel of peace.

The Children's Hour

Who can tell what the moment will make of them?
Out of their repertoire, what fantastic rôle,
With merely a cry to confirm the swift and sudden
Transmigration of the soul?

The air throbs with their shrill incantations;
One word turns beggars into princes and billionaires.
Another stamps contours on the shapeless future.
Whatever the whim, the word, the all-powerful word is theirs.

Here is a world where syntax and logic are unborn,
Things hold together without glue or nails.
The living die easily showing no surprise;
Quickly they rise again. These dead men tell tales.

This hour lies free of the bonds of time.
This prologue makes trial of what the years will bring;
But here is no ruthless game of forfeits,
Here are stations of the cross without the suffering.

Nothing is what it is. Objects are but stage properties.
Persons in the play are here today and gone tomorrow.
Pang and spasm do not erode this mortal tissue,
This lamentation is but the forgery of sorrow.

These players have not met Abiding Consequence,
Nor have they seen the Specter of Probability.
The closing down of night holds no shaking terror,
And sleep wipes clean the tablets of their memory.

SAMUEL YELLEN.

Prophet of Modernism

GEORGE CATLIN

I KNEW H. G. Wells reasonably well. I was director of a magazine, *The Realist,* which thanks to the support of the late Lord Melchet lasted for about a couple of years until it was killed by the Great Depression. Wells, along with Arnold Bennett, was on the editorial board. It was the habit of the editors to dine together once a month, first at Jules Restaurant, then at Kettners, to exchange ideas. And I was present at the seventieth birthday party given to Wells, at the Savoy, London, when George Bernard Shaw convulsed the party but paid Wells some somewhat left-handed compliments.

For some "H. G." (as we all called him) was a false prophet. It is true that he had an uncanny knack, like Leonardo da Vinci, of anticipating what was going to happen, particularly in the field of explosions, such as atomic energy, but also in the conquest of the air. His anticipation of the conquest of the stars will some day, I do not doubt, be verified. After all Wells was a very intelligent man with the keen curiosity of genius about every new indication of scientific discoveries to come. The Huxleys and the Hogbens were to be found at his table. On the other hand, he had a belief, if not in automatic progress, at least in a process of trial and advance, in which science would see to it that the advance took place unless sabotaged by human stupidity. The stupidity was "the infamy" upon which Wells waged incessant war, squealing and trumpeting like an elephant as he went about it. His methods were not distinguished by mellowness. God Himself, he believed, was stumbling along with man on this course of trial and error. He helped Wells fighting this holy war. In the age of the atomic bomb Wells seriously believed, and told others to believe, that all that was wanted was a little more science.

H. G. Wells was always sure that he was right, in politics, in the relation of the sexes, in philosophy. That is why he quarreled with the Fabians on politics and with Shaw and the Webbs on his relations with young women. It explains Shaw's not altogether sugared references in his notice in the *New Statesman.* Like Napoleon "he was not a gentleman." He was, if ever a man was, a "brave new worlder." He took the trouble to read (how many have?) the works—or one or two of them—of Saint Athanasius in order to demonstrate to himself that Wells was right and that the Athanasian theology lacked humanity.

With his confidence in progress Wells was a Victorian projected into the modern age. In morals he was an Edwardian gospeller for Dr. Stopes. Towards the end, the assurance in progress became less sure. "Mind at the End of its Tether" was the significant title of the last book. If only the world had listened to Wells, the encyclopedist, the philosopher, in time. . . . With irritable impatience he had to confess that the human race, for whom he had labored so stupendously, had ended by disappointing him. After all he had labored vastly. He could say that when he said "science" he also included

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history and social science. The late Professor Tout, of Manchester, said to this writer, "Mr. H. G. Wells writes a new book for every book that he reads, but I understand that he has written a History of the World that is excellent except for the last five thousand years." Wells was yet too good a biologist to be taken in by the Marxist interpretation of history. And, when all the experts have offered their criticisms, his "History of the World" remains a very considerable monument, if with the passing of the years it is likely to be decreasingly scanned. Pioneer monuments tend to become road-blocks.

Wells was more a Liberal than a Socialist. He was a secularist. He was a rationalist with his own theology, in which a blind Prometheus was God. He illustrated the sort of Liberalism of the Diderot type which was the object of attack in the Encyclical of Pius IX.

He was as full of illogical prejudices as he was of talk about science. I well remember before one lunch he explained to me, against the Bolsheviks, that he abhorred the use of force. Education did not come that way. When lunch was over, discussing confessional schools, he was for forcibly shutting them up. When I pointed out the inconsistency, his only reply was: "Ah! but that is superstition." . . . The most intolerant of exponents of tolerance, for him superstition was not to agree with what H. G. could conceive of. His fear of, and prejudice against, Catholicism was shown in his "Crux Ansata." He was not above thinking such a publication, in the best Eighteenth Century priest-baiting style, to be good publicity. He never forgot that. But to his credit be it said that his real animus was because the Open Conspiracy of the Catholic Church was not just *his* Open Conspiracy. Be it added that he disliked Free Masons just as much. He was a great man for savaging his enemies. He could savage even his best friends, as Shaw says, on occasions.

Whether as author of the early Jules Verne scientific romances, or of the novels of manners, which were among his best, or of the encyclopedia works, or of the later essays in social philosophy, he was very much a man of his age, a transitional writer of a transitional age; not so much indeed a prophet as a tribune. He had successfully made matters of household knowledge to the generation in which he died the ideas that were novel in that generation of Herbert Spencer and of the insurgent Fabians in which he had sprung up. Indeed his misfortune was that he had done the work of popularization too well, and the novelties of his youth had become the commonplaces of his old age. He once wrote to the present writer that he had a "very active second class mind." The phrase described his own mind, and he had the modesty to say as much in his Autobiography.

I shall always remember Wells's own speech at his seventieth birthday party. Although Wells rather paraded an early social inferiority complex and was overbearing and testy, he was essentially modest. Such, I recall, was his speech: serious—without Shaw's malicious wit. It seemed, he said, as if Nature came to him like his old nurse. "It is time, Mr. Herbert, to pack up the toys now and go to bed." I could not hear him without tears. The toys are packed up now and Mr. Herbert has gone to bed.

We agreed on little, but perhaps on more than he supposed. The bright young Communists had gone beyond him before he died, and the rest had never agreed. He had the courage to remain in London throughout the blitz when many fled. May the dust lie lightly on his ashes. Few will be harmed by reading his books if they bear in mind that here was a very representative Englishman who believed himself a citizen of the world, more representative than profound, impatiently in a hurry (at a time when, maybe, hurry was needed), full of error and prejudice, who yet according to his lights served humanity hard and loyally, undecorated, for eighty years. Let those who have done better fail to show charity to such as him.

Communications

STRIKE AT GLENDORA

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editors: This is a letter from one of the Glendora strikers to tell you that we appreciate the article, "The Strike at Glendora."

Sixty of us have been on strike for four and one-half months now and we feel that Father Dunne has given a wonderfully clear picture of the quasi-military, quasi-punitive Civilian Public Service program to which drafted conscientious objectors are assigned.

Prominent religious, liberal, and labor leaders have publicly urged the Department of Justice to drop the prosecutions against the strikers and investigate the miscarriage of the Congressional provision for conscientious objectors. Instead, it appears that the Department of Justice considers it necessary to uphold the position of the Selective Service officers and to attempt to enforce any and all administrative regulations without investigation.

We are preparing to go to trial either this month or next. It is our hope that the Court will give these issues a thorough judicial airing and declare that forced, unpaid labor shall not exist in the United States of America.

JAMES WRIGHTSON.

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editors: I have been waiting a long time to read in THE COMMONWEAL an article like Father Dunne's "Strike At Glendora." For those of us who have finished with modern total war fail to take a proper part in the formation of the Christian conscience when we are not heard, when we are left out of the discussion.

There are books, of course, and there are magazines—trade journals, so to speak. But always when we sit down in a larger group to discuss international matters on the basis of reason enlightened by grace, an alternative is assumed which is no alternative for us, a weapon is utilized which we cannot use.

"Strike at Glendora" presents a clear and accurate account of this country's dealing with conscientious objectors during and since the most recent war. More important, appearing as it does in a great Catholic weekly, it brings us together again in a common searching of conscience, in a common effort to think with the Church.

ROBERT HOVDA.

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Art of the Anthologist

HENRY RAGO

IT IS the business of the anthologist to represent the past and future to the present, and the present to the past and future. He must constantly interrupt the writers at their workaday tasks of writing, constantly ask where they stand and try to answer for them. He must get his report for history.

But his report has to be almost as fluid and elusive as history itself. He must be endlessly revising and expanding, making his judgments on a sliding scale, not only because the living writers keep on writing but because the dead writers too keep growing or diminishing and the past keeps changing before our eyes. This is not because work which is finished and done with can ever get any better than it was in the first place, but because at any moment, in the "sociology" which we inevitably talk about when we talk about "greatness" or "importance" in human letters, that work can begin to mean some new thing to the present.

The contingencies of the development of the language offer another hazard to the Absolute Anthology. The idiom of some neglected poet can come to new life at any moment in that *ensemble* of historical circumstances which not only modifies a language but directs us to new things to feel and say in it; again, not because any esthetic propositions are being reversed but because that writer now has what he has not had up to this moment, the completeness of a tradition in which he can be seen, aligned, and measured. The anthologist's life would be simple if he had to worry only about the standards of a language, for these never change; but he deals with the language itself, and that is always changing. Moreover, he deals with the language *in its very dynamism,* for literature is always what changes it or at least what records the changes.

And there is more relativity to confound us. Not only are the judgments of the anthologist tentative in themselves, but they are always relative to what he is trying to anthologize. Thus far we have been presupposing an "absolute" purpose in the anthologist; we have been assuming that he is after a comprehensive representation of the best authors of all periods, traditions, and languages. That would be, of course, a foolhardy venture; and although I do remember seeing, from time to time, anthologies of the "best in world literature" I do not think that anyone was ever really serious about it. It is precarious enough when one limits his assignment to, let us say, verse, and to one language, say English. Even then one gets such wrongheadedness as Yeats exhibited in the "Oxford Book of English Verse." In fact, I cannot even *imagine* a good comprehensive anthology of English verse; its possibility seems to me only metaphysical. But the point, in any case, is that the anthologist must set himself limits; and when we come to criticize, we must always ask, What is the anthologist trying to do? Perhaps he wishes to present a number of writers who demonstrate certain tendencies typical of contemporary writing. Here one writer ought do as well as another; the only question is how well the entire book adds up. Or, he may wish only to offer a selection of writers whose work he would like to see influencing and energizing new writing. This is more a criticism of the future than of the present or the past; and no one in our time has done it as tellingly as Ezra Pound in his "Active Anthology." There is a looser form of this kind of thing in the more or less wholesale presentations one sees in Mr. Laughlin's New Directions Anthologies. It is almost in the nature of such collections, however, that they should show more ardor than real editorial vigor; there is little or nothing that the editor implicitly says about the material; it seems enough that the stuff is all there, all of it new and collected and all there as though dictated but not read, and Mr. Laughlin always seems slightly out of breath accomplishing just that. (The question of the social importance of Mr. Laughlin's editing and publishing is, of course, another matter.) Again, the anthologist may be interested in a single movement—as he was at the moment when the Imagists were an important force in new American poetry—and he may take the responsibility of watching over that movement, constantly dropping certain writers and adding others in supplementary volumes. Similarly, he may be occupied with a single writer, if the lines in that writer's development are sufficiently complex to be interesting. Eliot has recently done a little primer of Joyce's writings, with only a paragraph or two of introduction; the skill of the anthologist here was to make the writings themselves unfold the chief themes and elaborate the variations, so that a college sophomore might go alone step by step from "Dubliners" to "Anna Livia Plurabelle." There are other, unequal reasons for anthologizing: one can collect by subject, or by nationality, or by religion, or by region, or by anything else. D. B. Wyndham Lewis once did an Anthology of Bad Verse which he called "The Stuffed Owl"; an extremely interesting book, by the way, and much more instructive than Mr. Untermyer's indefatigable collections.

One might ask whether the very reason for the anthology is ever open to critical inquiry. I should say that it might be. If the principle of selection is so trivial that it cannot possibly yield a really useful anthology, we can criticize the editor for undertaking the work at all. I do not see, for example, what purpose would be served by an anthology of verse by left-handed poets or of stories by American writers who vote Republican, no matter how judiciously the material might be selected or how keen the implicit criticisms might be. The point might seem fatuous, but there are evidences in the current advertisements that a considerable number of editors are working in innocence or defiance of it.

On the other hand, I should defend the anthology which has as its only reason the abject but cogent one of economic necessity. This is the anthology which collects a number of things for the excellent reason that those things are scattered and should not remain so if a large number of people are to have them. This type

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of collection—what shall I call it? the money-and-time-saving sort—is not to be mistaken for a catch-all. If the editor has more freedom here than elsewhere, he must account for it in his results. In any case, his book must be judged by standards at least as strenuous as those we apply to other anthologies. And the final test is still the same as always: Does he really accomplish what he sets out to do? If he doesn't, he is not saving money for the reader; he is simply taking the reader's money for a spurious bill of goods. It is true that this kind of anthology is more difficult to judge than the others. It is less "formal"; that is to say, its qualities are imbedded in its particular matter, and so it stands less theorizing than the book organized in an explicit principle; it is, to use the metaphysician's word, less *intelligible*. Little can be said about it in the abstract. It must be approached in the concrete particular; and Oscar Williams's new anthology, "A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry,"* which I have at hand, will serve as an example.

Mr. Williams is a completely responsible reader of poetry. His anthologies of "New Poems" (1940, 1942, and 1943) show that his reading is at once bold and scrupulous. His new book has, I should think, only the justification of convenience, and that chiefly economic. In his introduction, he disclaims any interpretation of his book as "a means of expressing his opinion upon the comparative statures of the poets of the 20th century." "If the design of this anthology were to represent the stature and range of the most significant modern poets, an altogether different kind of book would have resulted. . . . Many of the excellent short pieces by minor figures would have had to be dropped and relatively few names would make up the contents." As nearly as I can make out, Mr. Williams is interested simply in presenting as wide a sampling as possible of what he has been "activated into liking" in modern poetry, and he means this book to reach the person who cannot afford the money or the time to have that poetry in a more normal way. The question is simply, How honestly does Mr. Williams serve the reader's convenience? We are not free to quarrel with him about minor omissions or inclusions; it is entirely conceivable that there might be two such "treasuries" equally good but with a considerable number of differences in minor items. What we examine is the taste which informs the book as a unit and the intelligence with which the book is proportioned. Thus, among minor poets Mr. Williams can make one choice as well as another as long as he includes nothing outrageously bad. But we can criticize him for including a number of very bad poems as "light verse." I should not think that the simperings of Dorothy Parker and the tiresome vaudeville of Ogden Nash have any place among the poems of this book, or that the need for "lightness" can justify such incongruities when Mr. Williams already has the use of such durable comic statements as "Prufrock," "Le Monocle de Mon Oncle," and the ironies of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Similarly, although one's concern with the *general* proportions of the book excludes any quarrels over differences of one page or two in the various allotments made to the various poets, there are some differences which would change the very outline of the book and thus its character, and there we are within bounds to do some page-counting. For instance, Robert Frost is represented with fourteen poems; but Emily Dickinson with only half that many, Hardy with only five, and Ezra Pound with only three poems and those the most innocuous ones possible ("Winter Is I-Cumen In," "The Ballad of the Goodly Fere," and "An Immorality"). These objections, I hasten to add, may be misleading. On the whole, Mr. Williams's anthology is extraordinarily good in its taste and proportions. For our present purposes, it is an excellent demonstration of the honest use of the "omnibus" anthology.

All these cogitations may be fatiguing, but I do not think that they use our time idly. It is a seller's market in anthologies at the moment, and the publishers issue them as fast as printers and paper-mills will allow. A large number of these anthologies are not books. They look like books, but they are merely the popular magazine between stiff covers. They are collections of anything, on the theory that a lot of anything for $3 is a bargain. Now when such collections risk the effect of blighting the reader's taste, flattering him away from the sources, and misrepresenting what they set out to represent, it is salutary to re-examine the makings of the genuine article in order to see that many of the current bargains are only in paper, and even the paper is not what it used to be.

Nor is it surprising that anthologies frequently should fall so far short of their true ends when put upon the mass-market. The error of many publishers is precisely here: they think of the anthology as a perfect "item" for the mass-market, chiefly because it offers bulk for a comparatively low price; but the truth is that the true anthology most often is likely to have anything but mass-appeal. In its primary use, it represents a winnowing of what is already on the market; it allows the preservation of only such writings as survive the application of both disciplined taste and historical judgment. It is, in this fundamental sense, only a book for the more fastidious amateur. It is, in any event, a work of selection. Once it turns from the work of filtering to the work of flooding, it is in danger of becoming another thing completely; perhaps not a bad thing, perhaps even a useful thing, but anyway not an anthology. Since the subject of these paragraphs is editorship rather than book-binding, we cannot pause to admire some of the recent *tours de force* in out-size packaging, much less decide upon their efficiency as devices in popular education. Offhand I should say that what is bad without the excuse of the needs of mass education remains bad even with that excuse, or maybe is worse for the mischief it can do. For the moment, however, it is depressing enough to notice that the anthology, as anthology, has come out of the wartime boom in the book-market and this peculiar inflation of its own with its features rather badly swollen.

There is little solace in reading James T. Farrell's observations on the general subject of expansion in the publishing business. His current pamphlet, "The Fate

*Scribner. $2.75.

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of Writing in America," seems to be right exactly where I wish it were wrong, and wrong exactly where I wish it were right. Mr. Farrell presents some melancholy statistics on an organized and controlled mass-market in book-publishing, and he makes some observations on the present state of the business which enlist agreement or at least very thoughtful respect. In the last third of his essay, however, he finds consolation in his maxim that when you deal with the mass-market you meet the masses face to face. Thus the masses will demand writing which deals with their real needs—by which Mr. Farrell appears to mean their political and sexual needs. Now Mr. Farrell is able to take such a happy view of the fate of anything left to mass-judgment, because he seems to think within a *mystique* which allows a number of things to work themselves out "dialectically" through the masses. As a groping non-believer who must manage without the comfort of this eschatology, I am left only to such empirical data as come to my notice. Thus far I cannot report any indications of a mysterious leaven at work on mass-entertainment. Even during the war, which Mr. Farrell cites as an occasion for some improvement, the masses gave no outward sign that they demanded more in the artistic formulation of their political needs than the periodic affirmation that the war was being fought for professional baseball, the Sunday comics, and the apple-pie baked by one's particular mother. (I agree with Mr. Farrell, however, that if there were hope at all, it would come from the proletariat. The semi-literate classes, unregenerate in the comfort of the *quasi-chic,* found their "needs" answered in such calculated vulgarity as "The White Cliffs of Dover.") As for the treatment of sex in mass-entertainment, I have not detected as a "trend" in any class any skepticism of the romantic, infantile, autoerotic game with which much of the best-selling fiction and almost all the films assist the fantasies of the mass-libido. Mr. Farrell is not too greatly exercised about this, because he feels that film-censorship, and the indirect influence of such censorship on the book-business, is chiefly responsible for the stupidity with which sex is treated in popular art. This is not exact. Whatever is to be said for or against censorship, the naiveté of the popular treatment of sex persists whether too little detail is given or too much (in fact, one can never say that too little or too much detail is given, whether one wants to charge puritanism or pornography); the fault is basically in the *orientation* of sexual life as represented in this art. And, again, the misorientation in popular art reflects a misorientation in popular culture.

So much for the literature illuminated by the political and sexual needs of the masses. I am glad that Mr. Farrell does not speak, at least explicitly, of religious needs. I need not think, then, of the novels of Lloyd Douglas or of Hollywood's robust interpretations of Roman Catholicism; and, thanks to the reciprocity existing between the book-business and the film-industry, we can leave both the proletariat and the bourgeoisie drinking contentedly from the founts of Eastern wisdom which Somerset Maugham pipes in as efficiently as tap-water in "The Razor's Edge."

There remains only the cheerless conclusion that there are no signs thus far of the spontaneous generation of a mass-standard to edify literature. Much less, then, can we hope for such auspices for the book of *selected* literature.

The anthologist will find it safer to continue to form popular taste rather than to follow it. He will find no substitute for a highly disciplined conscience. If the conditions which Mr. Farrell describes make the exercise of uncompromising taste more difficult, they also make that exercise more important than ever. This is only to ask the anthologist to emulate the ungrateful but enduring task of those honest writers whom he collects; for he has in common with them the art not of making much of little, but of making little of much.

More Books of the Week

Yellow Tapers for Paris. Bruce Marshall. Houghton. $2.50.

HERE are a few people in a little café in Paris who attend to their work and then meet in the café and talk; they are bored with each other and with their work and with their country as it slides down hill into the war and defeat. Bigou is an accountant who is worried because his employers make him trick the accounts in order to cheat the state; he worries about the state and the people who seem vaguely to be running it; he worries also about being a Catholic and about all the people, including himself, who probably would be better, and make everything else better, including the state, were they to live once in a while as Catholics are supposed to live. He is a kind and good man who drinks the way everybody else drinks, which is to say a good deal too much; he loves his wife and looks at other women, but she dies; he loves his daughter but it is extremely difficult for him to be sure that she knows how much he loves her and, after all, a young girl growing up without a mother is something to worry about but in the end she is in love with the right young man and she starts having a child in the rain on the roof of an automobile but then a filling station man lets her have the child in his office—that is when everyone is crowded on the roads leaving Paris before the Germans get there. In the café is a woman called the yellow tart who becomes a good Catholic, and a blind veteran of the other war who does not become a Catholic because there are not enough priests like the priest in the book and because you get bitter about anything that looks as if it liked a bourgeois society which goes from one war into another and does not care so long as there is money to be made. There is a cop who comes to drink there also and no one likes him because he would like so greatly to be a fascist if he had brains enough to know what one was.

These simple Frenchmen in the café are not very important but they were never meant to be important. They get mixed up in the rioting before the Chamber of Deputies at the time of the Stavisky scandal, they are all mixed up by what they read in the papers; they sit there drinking while the radio tells them about Munich and they are all mixed up because you have to attend first of all to

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yourself, and you have a government there to do something supposedly, and all the politicians are there to do the thinking but they don't. When Mr. Marshall is writing at his best it all sounds a little like Georges Simenon's detective stories, dismal and human; if only you were waiting for a crime to be committed you would get excited and the people in Mr. Marshall's café would seem real and waiting for a catastrophe but all they are waiting for is the crime of the war and the trouble is you know all about that and so you are not waiting for anything.

Yet it is just as well for once that a book about the fall of France has not been written to name the villain. Mr. Marshall seems to think only that it is a pity everyone in France was so tired between the two wars—and that is why his book rings true. They were tired and consequently futile; it is more that they were tired and futile than that there were traitors. They were all mixed up; they were intelligent and confused—and there was every reason to be confused because Germany was preparing for war and no one else was preparing or could prepare for war, especially in France where everyone was so tired that it was not possible to prepare seriously for a war that surely would be lost. That is why they kept talking about the Maginot Line, cheating, talking, cursing, drinking up before the bar closed.

Mr. Marshall uses some very extraordinary words that may be in a dictionary but I do not think they are, and some very flamboyant metaphors which give a general effect of an extreme desire to be original. "Yellow Tapers" was written before "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith"; it is a more serious book.

C. G. PAULDING.

O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1946. *Edited by Herschell Brickell. Doubleday.* $2.50.

THE SHORT STORY has almost been commercialized out of existence. It is so convenient a form for the seller, so apt a one for the reader. In it you can have such an easy relation between love and tragedy, romance and reality. Few magazines can do without it. Every year there is a huge grab bag of stories from which the editors can choose according to their ideas of competence. And what a waste there is of the end product! How many stories are being read this minute? How many are disappearing into thin air as the reader gets his ounce of reading pleasure?

The stories selected for the "O. Henry Prize Stories of 1946" have come from magazines like the *Atlantic, The New Yorker, The Kenyon Review* and *Harper's Bazaar*. The editor puts them under the heading of "artistic." But they suffer from some of the same burdens as the mass circulation stories. They are more alive and more experimental, being more individual. And yet most of them disappear when you have read them. Some have more tricks than others, some are more competent, but they leave their problems half finished. They have their beginnings, middles and ends, but as a whole they are indecisive.

Herschell Brickell is quite right in saying that "the value of a short story is what it does in the way of breaking its bonds and becoming much larger in import than the form would permit." He seems to have done his level best in trying to find such a story. Still you come away feeling that the great regimented short story

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form has won over its contents. It has become weakened by much use.

Many of these stories are written about problems, of race, madness or isolation. But they remain problematical themselves. They are indirect and detached; they nibble at the edges of life. As individuals the authors are concerned, perhaps passionately, with insecurity and injustice. Their stories, on the other hand, are without passion. They lack a moral urgency. Worry seems to have run ahead of conviction.

The stories about race prejudice are full of conscience, the last refuge of morality, but they seem to be outside of their subject, talking toward it. John Berryman's "The Imaginary Jew" is a conscious and literate attempt to show how we are all involved in a "general guilt." Still, Berryman seems uncompromised; the competent writer making his observations.

Irwin Shaw's "Act of Faith" is an attempt to treat the tragedy of the Jews in terms of a GI overseas. The soldier, a Jew, had thought of himself only as an American fighting together with Americans. When the war ends he is suddenly made to realize how much he is involved. I think the story almost succeeds. The suddenness of the GI's involvement carries a great emotion with it. But Shaw loses control of his theme. His voice rises to a high pitch as he runs on with his point, trying to prove more and more. It is another story which a side current has carried away from the main stream.

I think the pain of war has helped this book. I almost prefer a story like Cord Meyer's "Waves of Darkness" to any of the more conscious, problematical attempts. It is a plain, unpretentious account of combat experience in the Pacific. It is descriptive and direct. As such it has an emotion, and a humility, which transcends the form.

Then there is a war story by Victor Ullman called "Sometimes You Break Even," which deals with a hospital ward. Here again the war experience comes through with poignancy, though the story itself is a little too pat.

Four other stories, by Dorothy Canfield, Eudora Welty, Kay Boyle, and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, have the advantages of maturity and an established style. Eudora Welty's "A Sketching Trip" is full of her intense attempt to recover the vision of children. It is dreaming, irridescent, a little spineless, and loaded with visual richness.

But even the competence of these ladies does not redeem the stories in the anthology from their lack of force. None of the twenty-four seem to break its bonds and take on more import than its form. If the short story is to break out it must at least have violence if it does not have faith.

JOHN HAY.

For All Mankind. Léon Blum. Viking. $2.50.

LÉON BLUM was imprisoned by Vichy after the collapse of France in 1940, and, later, while interned in Buchenwald, he wrote this manifesto. "For All Mankind" is a shrewd yet idealistic argument. It must be read in the context of the events of 1941. The Axis was in the ascendant. M. Blum was convinced of Allied victory. He was also convinced that a new world order, based on the League of Nations ideal, would have to be established if France and the world were to survive. He attributes the fall of France to the decay of personal and public morality, and to the cast-iron conservatism of the bourgeoisie, by whom he means the wealthy industrialists and land-owners. The Popular Front tried to break the influence of the hide-bound capitalist aristocracy and to set up a social democracy consistent with political democracy. But real control remained always in the hands of the bourgeoisie, and social reform was strangled at birth.

France, argues M. Blum, can emerge from ruin only if she considers herself as one unit of an international complex. He distinguishes between true internationalism and the mendacious nationalism of Soviet communism operating in the various countries. Soviet influence in France was not an international thing, but the product of an alien national party that functioned in France for purely Russian profit. A genuine international system would govern international relations, but preserve national sovereignties on internal matters.

The moral decay and social senility that defeated France and will, if persisted in, defeat efforts towards international, social and political harmony, must give way to active Christian principles and social flexibility. M. Blum wishes that the Holy See might be included in any proposed international body, because the Holy See would exert its influence, on a supranational basis, towards peace and justice, yet he ruefully states that the Holy See, by virtue of its supranational character, would not consent to membership in a comity of nations.

Idealists like M. Blum, however logical, are bound to appear naïve in the eyes of self-styled realists who see no further than the present and the near future, and then in terms solely of their own well-being. But even the warmest sympathizers with M. Blum's idealism must feel saddened when they read of his hope that Russia might emerge from the war able and willing to surrender her traditional policy of ignoring all concepts of morality and humanity, and cooperate in international life "without provoking new discords that are themselves a threat to peace."

T. O'CONOR SLOANE III.

The Crater's Edge. Stephan Bagnall. Morrow. $2.00.

THE CRATER of Stephan Bagnall's title is a protecting hole in some battlefield where the fighting has passed on away, and where the twenty-five-year-old soldier, Simon, lies alone dying. The crater is also figurative, whose meaning the book is written to tell, and since it is a thoughtful and sensitive book, it can only be crudely hinted here; something like the opening up of experience through the sudden but long prepared for comprehension of love and faith. It is an enormous theme for 154 pages.

The theme is thus philosophical and serious, but the author is unpretentious and can approach a reader with ideas of love and passion and God quite naturally, without the tone of teaching and bettering, but rather of musing and looking. Perhaps the author, indeed, is too unpretentious and limits his effort too modestly. The writing and the form—a tour de force—have not size and complexity to measure with the theme.

The foundation story can be anatomized more readily than is right with a novel, and more easily, it is likely, than is correct with a treatise on love. That is the story: unrequited love, deepening and elaborating, to the edge of the crater, where, even under the final "gentle feminine, ironic" watch of the moon, Simon maintains his unanswered love, and finds at length communicating prayer before death. Reaching to that point, one can

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almost label with names the six or so steps along the road: Kate, half friend and half beloved; Pierre, young friendship; Celia, dark passion (rather unconvincingly unadorned); Elizabeth 1, most genuine true love building; Elizabeth 2, the good pattern of love and life incomprehensibly negated; the shell hole, the last pursuit, through the obstacles to Faith: terror, pain, the conviction of sin—prayer.

"The Crater's Edge" lacks artifice, and it is not really unfair to outline it as an essay. The author has something to say, more indeed and sounder things and more sensitive than are often found in novels. But in this first book he is not a story teller and not a creator of characters. The argument is not freed from the restrictions of personal exposition and given the independence and authority and warmth of art. Our sympathy is limited to the sympathy felt for the writer who is, as it were, the philosopher and psychologist with whom we argue as well as sympathize, and whose eyes, perhaps, we find too pale. Some parts of the argument interfere with the building of convincing "character" and narrative, and make it seem surely that the logical exposition comes first. Simon's passionate love of Celia, it was mentioned, appears deliberately deprived of intellect and will and of romantic aura, which may clarify the thesis but which makes the episode read less true. The worry of the hero, in his final remembrances, for justifying the war, for condemning Hitler, for wanting to write a good piece of English literature, hear music, appears at such an extremity depersonalized and conventional. Love's priority would be too absolute to leave such concerns—if the rest of the book were believed. PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Dark Wood. Christine Weston. Scribner's. $2.75.

"IN *omni adversitate fortunae, infelicissimum est genus infortunii fuisse*" wrote Bœthius in his sixth century dungeon. "In all adversitie of fortune, the most unsely kind of contrarious fortune is to have been wellful" is Chaucer's labored translation, which Longfellow tinkled into "—a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." It was Dante who immortalized the Latin into liquid verse:

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

and this quotation from the "Inferno" is the reprise in a story in which the author undertakes to develop a theme apparently beyond her literary equipment. A young widow, who has lost her husband in the Italian campaign of the last war, refuses to accept the reality of death and falls in love with her husband's shadow in the likeness of another man. How to make her love this man for himself is both the hero's and the author's problem. Miss Weston has shirked it so badly that only the last three chapters have any dealing with Stella's and Mark's life together—we would like to say "married life" but, although Mark does eventually get a divorce, their relationship is in no manner dependent on it. In fact, the characters in general are as cut-rate morally as socially, representing that anonymous set who fill New York's night clubs while remaining invisible to society editors. This, in itself, is certainly no stigma, but their standards seem as nondescript as their pleasures.

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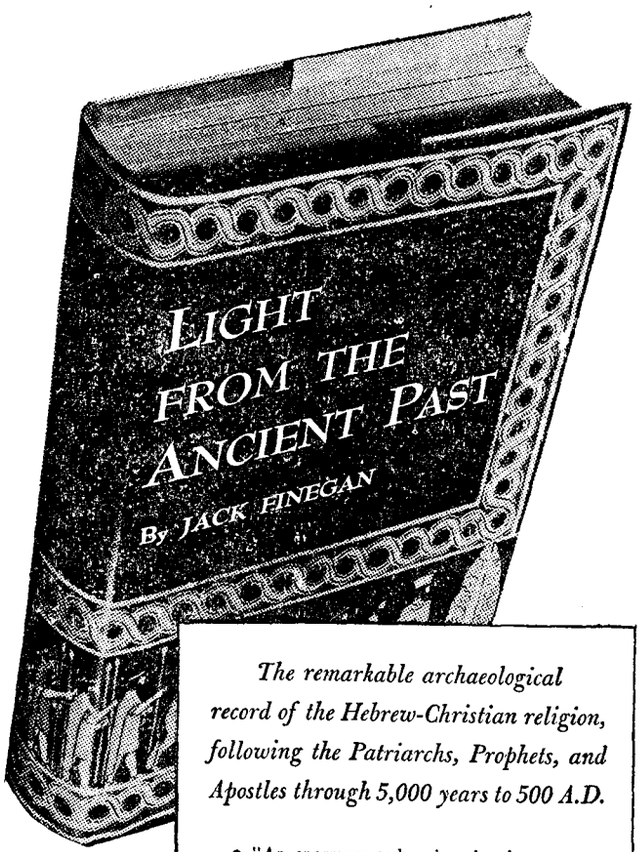

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of Mark's wife, the romance proper opens after one hundred and fifty-nine pages when Stella sees Mark in a restaurant and is overcome by his resemblance to her dead husband. She trails him night and day for a fortnight and finally corners him at a solitary dinner. Gradually she seduces him until, when most unattractively drunk, he makes her the dishonorable proposal she welcomes, nor does her enthusiasm wane after he has smacked her face and accused her of being his wife's accomplice.

The novel seems the result of misguided effort and dubious choice on the part of the Literary Guild. Certainly an apology is due to Dante.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Brandeis. A Free Man's Life. Alpheus Thomas Mason. Viking Press. $5.00.

"HOLMES and Brandeis dissenting" is a phrase that still evokes memories in the minds of most adult Americans. Recent catastrophes may have obscured our recollections, but we can still recall efforts of the "liberal" minority in the Supreme Court in the years before the great depression. Because the names of the two justices were linked in so many opinions, and because the more striking personality of Mr. Holmes has been favorably presented in popular biography and current drama, there is a tendency to assume that these two eminent figures of the American bench shared the same general approach to the social and political problems that have tried our generation.

One of the major values in this scholarly biography of Brandeis is the dissipation of this fallacy. Professor Mason shows that both justices were aware of the dynamic pressure inherent in the social life of the twenties and both rejected the economic doctrine of the majority of the Court. But the political philosophies of the two were in wide divergence. Holmes believed, like Darwin, that struggle is the law of life, and if it be allowed to go unheeded in any field, the best will survive. He knew no absolute values and his deeply rooted naturalism kept him aloof and detached. Since there was no infallible measure of right and wrong, the only practical ethical criterion was "what the crowd wants."

Brandeis rejected this enlightened scepticism with passionate vehemence. He maintained that it lay within the power of statesmanship to determine the course of our social development. He was never a visionary reformer of the type that Holmes loathed; he accepted struggle and change in an evolving society, and understood the essence of politics as an unending search for balance between conflicting social forces, as an attempt at an equilibrium that could not be reached by any mechanical rule. But he did have a measure for truth, a consistent philosophy of right and wrong, that permitted him to denounce social abuse from fixed positions. "Obviously to call two men 'liberals' who held views so diametrically opposed is to empty this much abused word of all meaning."

Brandeis grounded his views on the firm base of the value of the human personality. Man was capable of growth and the goal of all progress. Bigness of any kind was condemned, because excessive power was the great corrupter, as responsibility was the great developer. Human limitations must be considered along with human potentialities, and the ablest are too weak to be given absolute power as the lowliest are too important to be

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ignored. The test of any political or social institution is whether it valued man as man, rather than as a machine. By the same standard, Brandeis could reject the excesses of capitalism, exaggerated governmental paternalism and the illusions of proletarian dictatorship.

This is a substantial biography of a great human being of our time. It is objective, seeking a solution of a complex personality in the exact presentation of fact rather than in facile psychological interpretation. It does not resolve all problems, but it intelligently sorts the material. It may be difficult reading for those accustomed to profiles, but it is rewarding. Because the issues that face us are so involved, a recommended method of reviewing the recent history of our land is to read this excellent life of a man who saw more clearly than most the directions of our social process.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

The German People. Veit Valentin. Knopf. $6.00.

VEIT VALENTIN, born March 25, 1885 in Frankfort-on-Main, was one of the few outspoken "liberal" historians in Germany. He was chiefly concerned with democratic trends in German history and wrote the standard work about the frustrated German revolution of 1848 and the national assembly in the Frankfort Paulskirche, "the one peerless representative assembly of all the German people in history." Under the Weimar Republic he was counselor and director of the Reichsarchiv in Potsdam. One of the comparatively few "Aryan" scholars who emigrated voluntarily from Hitler's régime, he lectured on German history at the University of London from 1933 to 1939 and then came to the United States for special research work.

With this background Valentin is a very apt author for a concise German history in the English language. The story of eleven centuries from Charlemagne to Hitler is reliably summarized in about 700 pages. While the first half of the book is based mostly on second-hand information and prejudiced by a certain anti-medieval and pro-Lutheran slant, Valentin is at his very best in the second half, dealing with German history from the days of Napoleonic conquest to the defeat of the nazis.

The profoundest philosophy, the noblest music, Veit Valentin believes, can assuage a great people only briefly if it feels the stirrings of a mighty future. The revolution of 1848 was a national movement with the aim to set up a strong federal German state with parliamentary basis and under centralized leadership. The failure of this revolution seems to the author the origin of German political tragedy; the chasm between reformists and social revolutionaries widened and the counter-revolutionary powers profited by the growing discord. The authoritarian state triumphed in Germany. Militarism, distrust of international understanding, and mythical interpretation of current events grew and flourished.

This explains to a certain degree why the Weimar constitution never became very popular with the Germans and why the legend was believed that German defeat in the First World War was caused by a leftist "stab in the back."

Valentin thinks that the unpopularity of the Weimar Constitution was based on national prejudices. He denies the rightist accusation that it was an imitation of western constitutions, strange to German thought. Valentin claims that the constitution of 1919 was basically the

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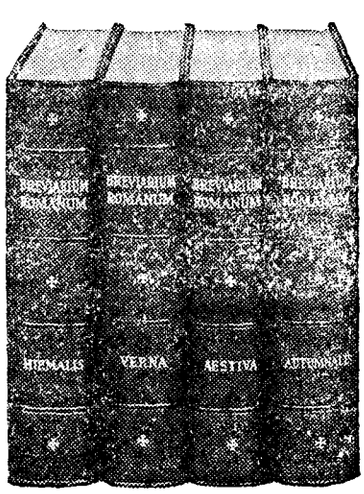

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fruit of old German views of public law. But, he admits, it was not the product of an inspired moment or the creative power of a practical statesman. This is scarcely a sufficient explanation why the nation had so little confidence in the Weimar Republic while the National Socialist movement was able to fascinate it. To Valentin, it was Hitler's "master demogogy" that brought his movement to unhappy success. "He proved by his election to grace and success the power of the individual in history." Valentin analyzes Hitler's attack against nearly all the values for which humanity has labored as an elephantiasis of German folly. German cartoons used to depict the German as the dumb Michel—the peasant lad who misses every golden opportunity through the lavish abuse of his stupidity. Hitler seems to Valentin "the greatest of all the German Michels."

We cannot accept this symbolism. Dumb Michel in the German legend is an impractical lad with a heart of gold. Hitler was a shrewd man with a wicked heart, with demonic powers. He was not the expression of German romanticism like dumb Michel. He was the expression of nineteenth-century materialism, with its race theories, its belief in mechanization and organization, its nihilistic deception that "almighty man" can abuse his fellow-men to any arbitrary purposes. Hitler was not a dreamy Michel but the most desolate criminal in a godless world.

But even if in the last chapters of the book some of Valentin's perspectives are open to argument; taken as a whole his historical narrative is rich in well interpreted facts, open-minded, tolerant and always stimulating. Valentin's book is rather easy reading, free of the lofty abstractions so abundant in many books of learned Germans. The author is perhaps too generous with so-called "psychological" explanations of human motives, but in the best chapters of his story, the epic stream of historical facts comes to a right balance and makes the reader await eagerly the further march of happenings.

MAX FISCHER.

Our Son Pablo. Alvin and Darley Gordon. Whittlesey. $2.75.

THERE IS something more than pathetic about the little man who wears built-up shoes and a high-crowned hat. We should have enjoyed his company so much more, had he been his natural unaffected self. It is the same sort of self-conscious striving after stature that makes "Our Son Pablo" a little less than entertaining. In this book the Gordons, a Hollywood couple producing documentary films, tell of a field trip to Mexico, in the course of which a young Tarascan Indian guide so struck their fancy that they decided to bring him back to their own home, and to enroll him at the University of California. The story of Pablo's adventures and their own, as the Mexican lad reacts and adjusts to American life and ways, could have made a light and amusing tale, were it not for the unfortunate effort to give it "significance." Cinema producer Kenneth Macgowan's solemn assurance, in his introduction to the book, that "The authors have drawn the reader into an understanding of the greatest problem that lives before the nation and our world: the problem of . . . the minority groups," is an injustice to the book. If the reader can ignore the taint of Hollywood's "supercolossal," there is a goodly residue of humor and interest in "Our Son Pablo." L. J. T.

The Inner Forum

Detroit's Interracial Day

EDWARD CARDINAL MOONEY offered the Solemn Pontifical Mass which opened the "Testimonial Day to Colored Missions," sponsored, September 8, by the Catholic Interracial Council of Detroit. The sermon was delivered by Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., editor of *America,* who pointed out that this is the first time that the Colored Missions have been tied in with the interracial movement. Up to now the two have gone their separate ways, the missionary Orders reluctant to involve themselves in controversy, the Catholic interracial leaders pledged to a policy of non-segregation which would spell the end of so-called Negro parishes. Cardinal Mooney spoke briefly following the Mass, emphasizing the need of Colored leadership as well as white, if the race problem is to be resolved according to Catholic principles. The Cardinal's remarks underscored the fact that this year, for the first time, Colored youths are enrolled at Detroit's own ecclesiastical Seminary.

At the luncheon meeting, Rev. Norman DuKette, Negro priest of Flint, Michigan, renewed the Negro's plea for an end to discrimination in Catholic hospitals, Schools, and religious orders. He quoted graphic examples to illustrate the difficulties of the Catholic priest in preaching a brotherhood in Christ which so obviously is at variance with Catholic practice in America. George K. Hunton, editor of the *Interracial Review,* gave a brief summary of the work of the Catholic Interracial Councils, of which presently there are nine in the United States.

Rev. Norbert Georges of New York, promoter of the Blessed Martin Guild, called attention to the providential popularity of this Colored saint in contemporary American religious life. The principal speaker at this afternoon meeting was Bishop Haas of Grand Rapids, and former chairman of the Federal FEPC. Stating once again the fundamental principles upon which racial equality must rest, Bishop Haas drew on his experience with the FEPC to point out the wide divergence between Catholic theory and practice on the part of Catholic employers and labor leaders alike.

Total attendance at the meetings was approximately 1,500. Officially, the "Testimonial Day" was intended as a tribute to all who are working under Catholic auspices for the welfare of the Negro in the United States.

LEO J. TRESE.

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